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MAY the CIRCLE be UNBROKEN

A STAN LEE presentation

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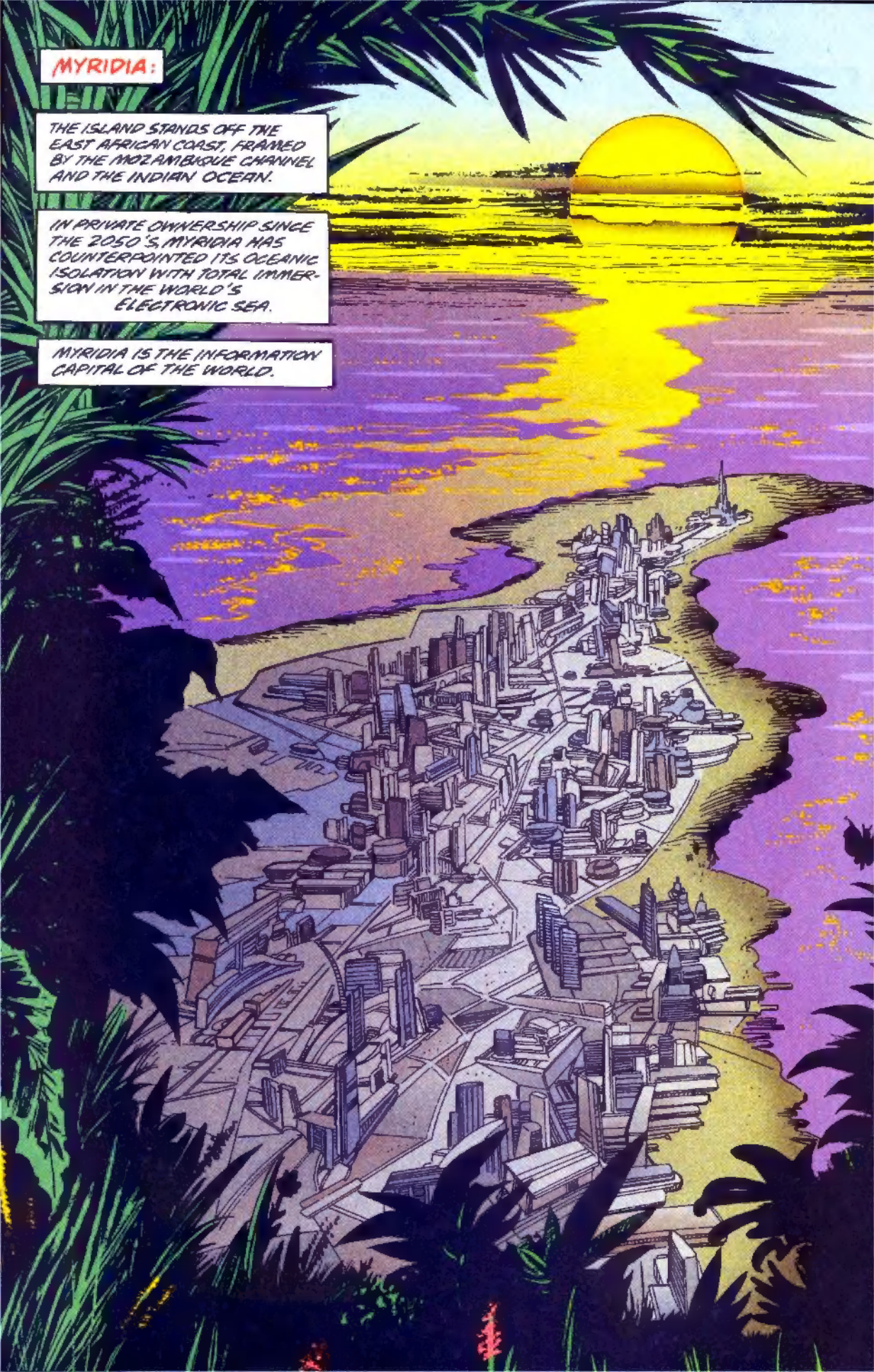
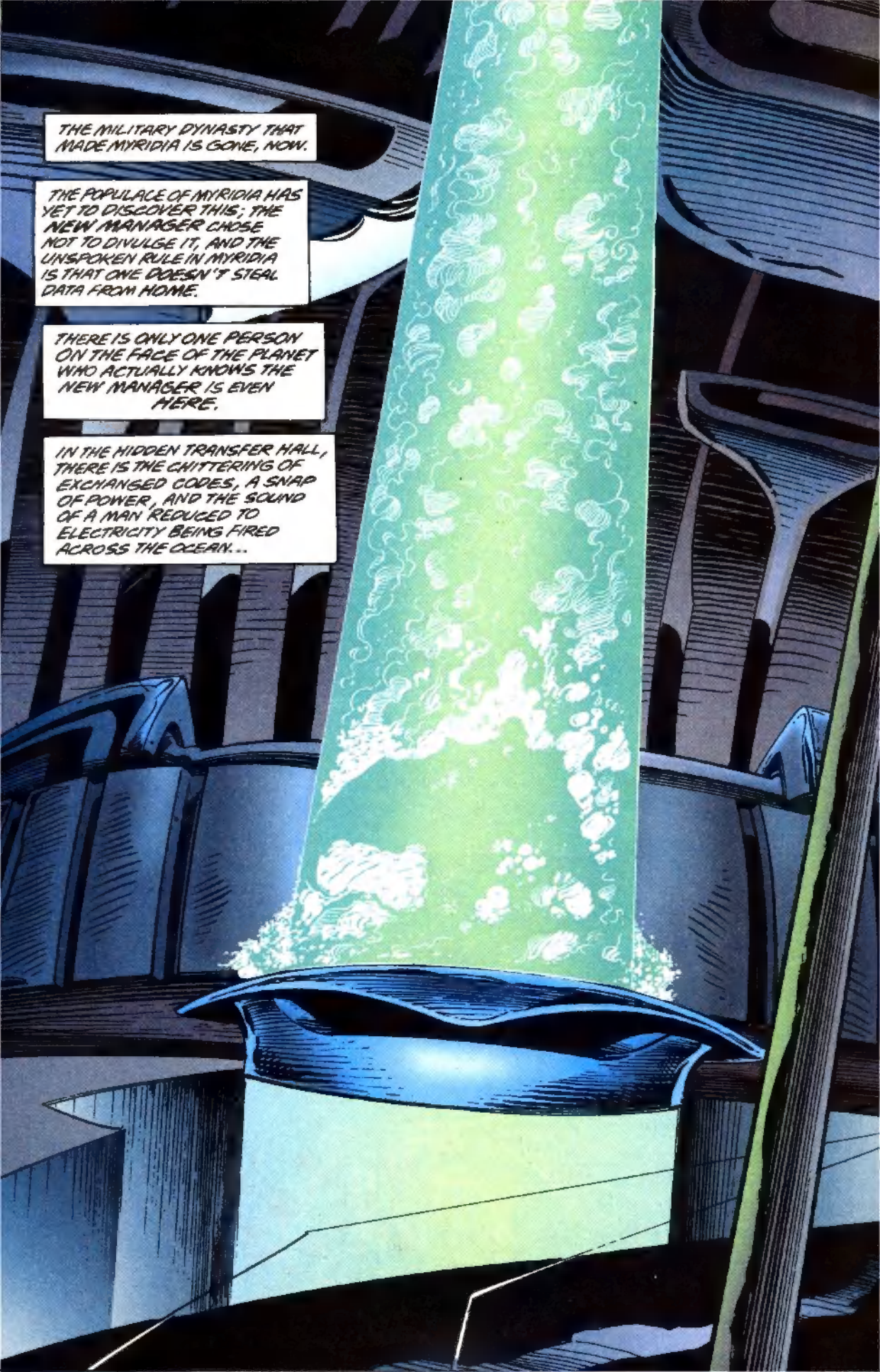

MYRIDIA:
THE ISLAND STANDS OFF THE EAST AFRICAN COAST, FRAMED BY THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL AND THE INDIAN OCEAN.
IN PRIVATE OWNERSHIP SINCE THE 2050'S, MYRIDIA HAS COUNTERPOINTED ITS OCEANIC ISOLATION WITH TOTAL IMMERSION IN THE WORLD'S ELECTRONIC SEA.
MYRIDIA IS THE INFORMATION CAPITAL OF THE WORLD.

AT FIRST, THE ISLAND NATION'S RULERS AND POPULACE GATHERED INFORMATION AS A WEAPON AGAINST THE WORLD -- SOMETHING WHICH THEY COULD BOTH TRADE IN AND DEFEND WITH.
HERE AT THE END OF THE CENTURY, WHERE IMPERIALISM IS SOMEWHAT REDUCED, MYRIONA GATHERS DATA FOR ITS OWN SAKE.
THEY HAVE SPIES AND TAPS AND NEWSFEEDS AND SOURCES AND, YES, EVEN THIEVES RIGHT ACROSS THE WHOLE WIRED WORLD.
THEY ARE THE INFORMATION-RICH -- AND THEY REVEL IN IT.


THE MILITARY DYNASTY THAT MADE MYRIDIA IS GONE, NOW.
THE POPULACE OF MYRIDIA HAS YET TO DISCOVER THIS; THE NEW MANAGER CHOSE NOT TO DIVULGE IT, AND THE UNSPOKEN RULE IN MYRIDIA IS THAT ONE DOESN'T STEAL DATA FROM HOME.
THERE IS ONLY ONE PERSON ON THE FACE OF THE PLANET WHO ACTUALLY KNOWS THE NEW MANAGER IS EVEN HERE.
IN THE HIDDEN TRANSFER HALL, THERE IS THE CHITTERING OF EXCHANGED CODES, A SNAP OF POWER, AND THE SOUND OF A MAN REDUCED TO ELECTRICITY BEING FIRED ACROSS THE OCEAN...

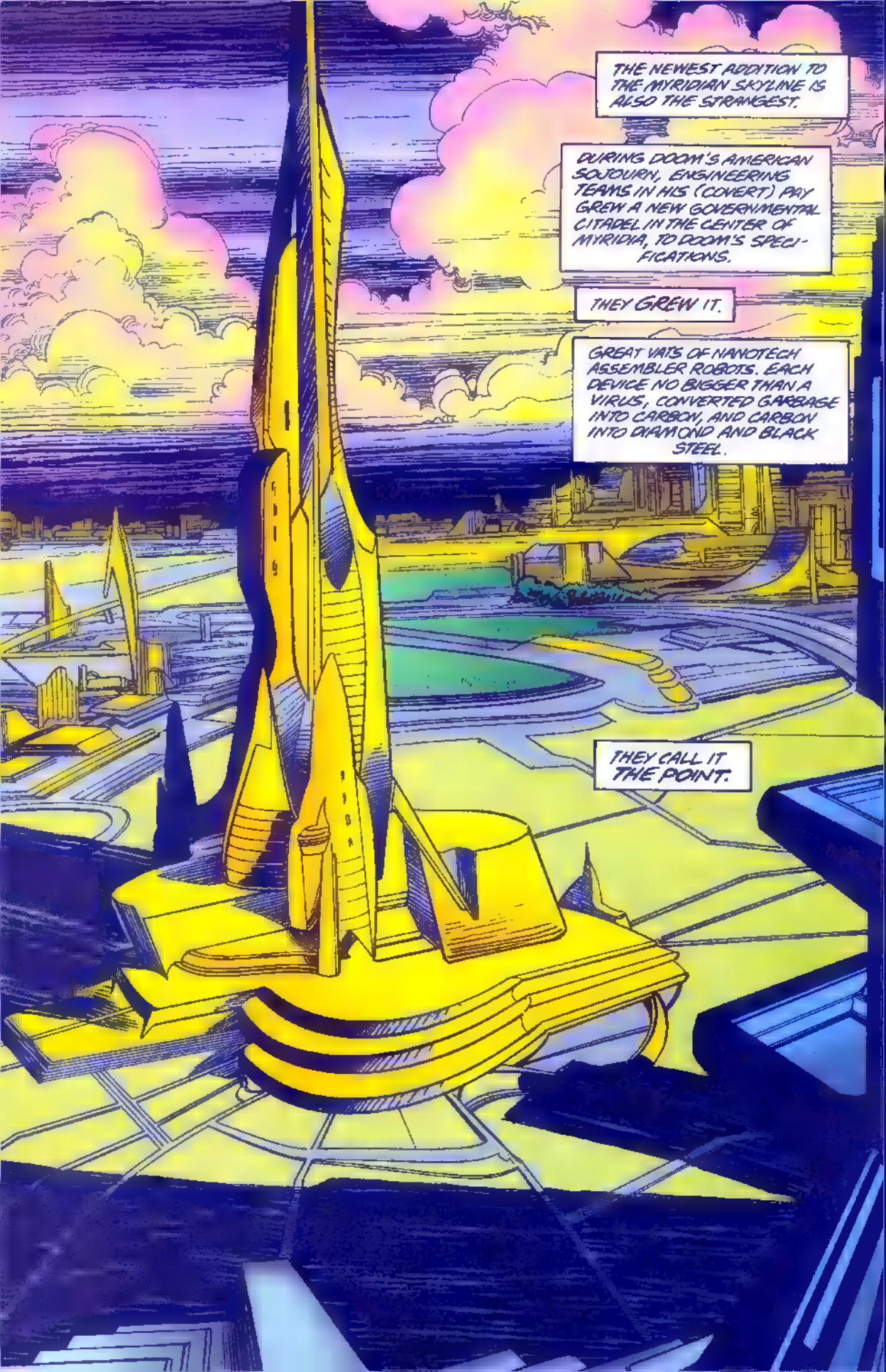
...DOOM.
ONCE RULER OF THE EAST EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, RECENTLY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES BY RIGHT OF INVASION--
--NOW, STARTING AFRESH FROM MYRIDIA, THE CRACKLING HEART OF THE INFORMATION WORLD.

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH TO THINK ABOUT IN THE LAST SEVERAL WEEKS. AND MUCH TO DO IN THE NEXT SEVERAL WEEKS.
HE LOST THE PRESIDENCY TO THE AMERICAN CORPORATE FORCES, AND DOOM HAS BEEN CONSIDERING THE REASONS FOR THAT LOSS.
EVENTUALLY, HE WAS FORCED TO RECOGNIZE THE SINGLE TERRIBLE THING THAT HAS BROUGHT LOW ALL CONQUERORS.
HE COULDN'T SEE EVERYTHING AT ONCE.

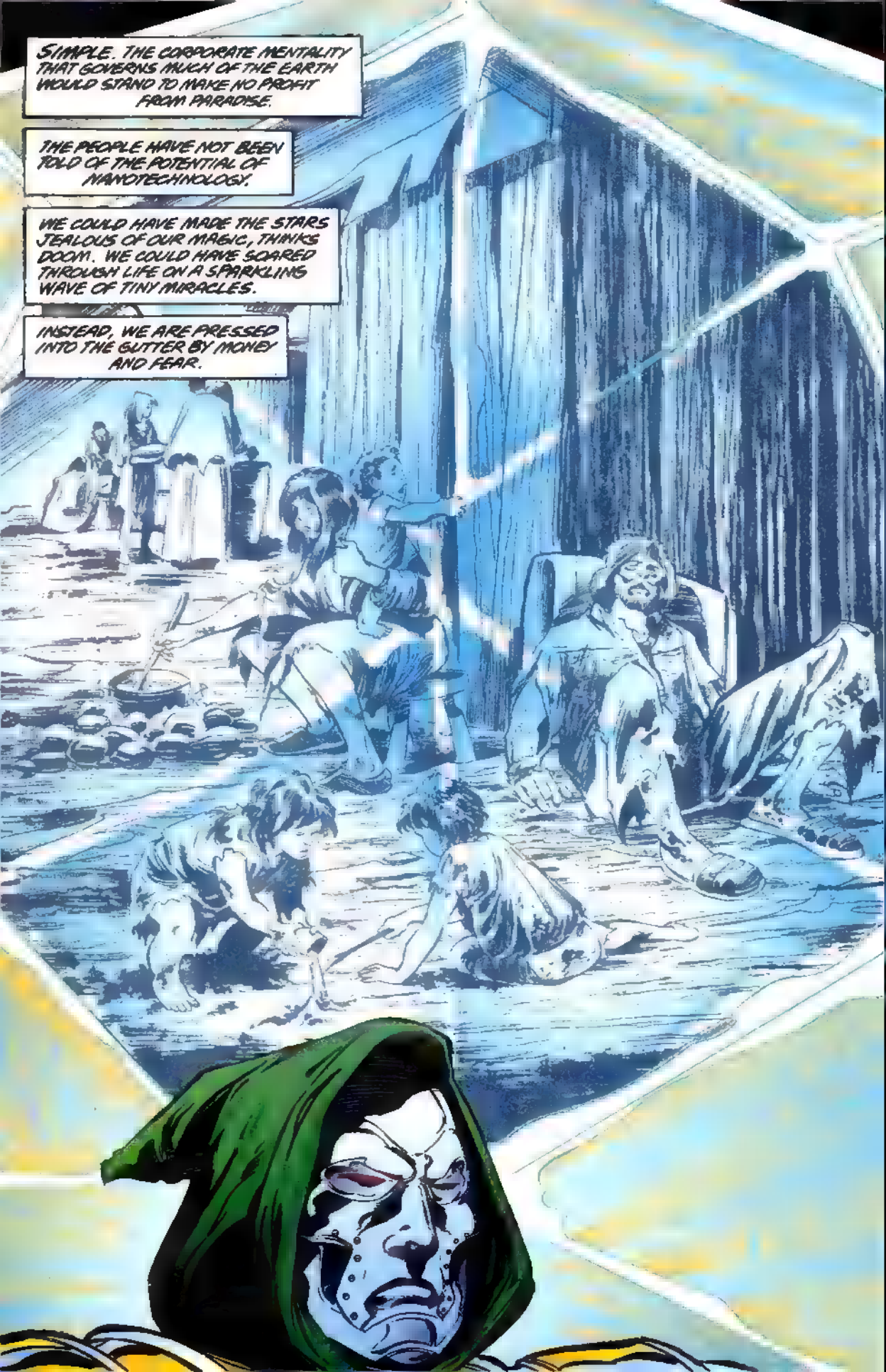
HE COULDN'T REPAIR THE ENVIRONMENT, TEND TO THE RUINED FABRIC OF AMERICAN SOCIETY, REBUILD THE STRUCTURE OF HUMAN RESOURCES AND SEE EVERY OTHER DETAIL OF THE COUNTRY.
AND SO CORPORATE SECRETS REMAINED SECRETS FOR JUST A DAY TOO LONG.
IT IS STILL GALLING TO THE MAN.
HE KNEW HE COULD DISSUADE AMERICA FROM MAKING A HELL OF EARTH IF HE OFFERED THEM HEAVEN...

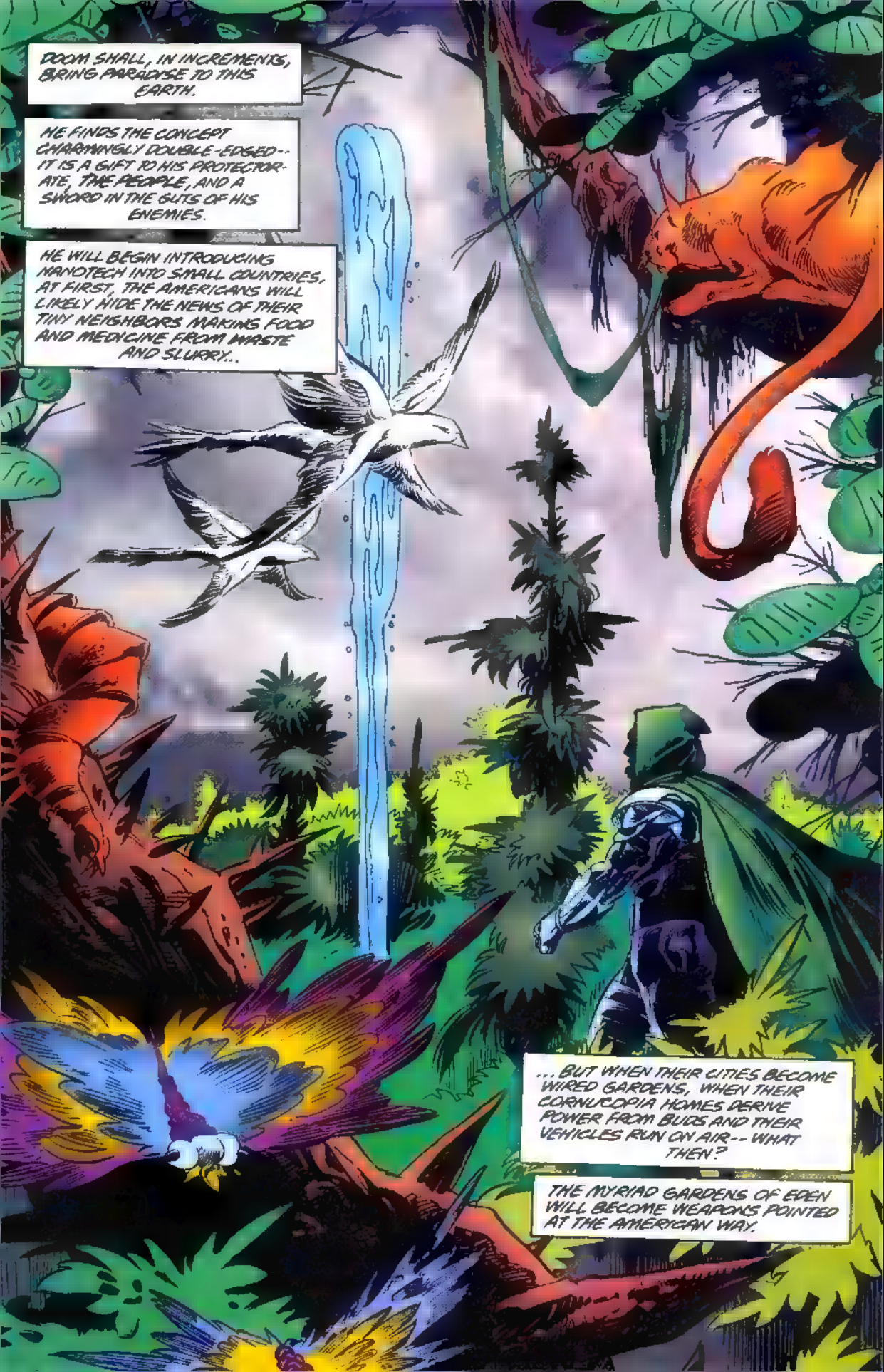
IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOUR PERCEPTION.
DOOM HAS COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT ATTEMPTING TO SEE AND CONTROL EVERY DETAIL OF ONE COUNTRY MAY NOT HAVE BEEN THE MOST EFFECTIVE WAY TO SAVE THIS PLANET FROM ITSELF.
HOWEVER, FROM THE VANTAGE POINT OF MYRIDIA, HE CAN VIEW A SMALL SELECTION OF PERTINENT DETAILS ON A PLANETARY BASIS--
--AND, BY MANIPULATION OF INFORMATION, CAN AFFECT SMALL, CHOICE ASPECTS OF WORLD CULTURE.
HE NEED ONLY FOLLOW THE RIPPLES AND REPERCUSSIONS OF ONE ACT.

OR, PUT ANOTHER WAY--
--WHAT IF DOOM WERE TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD?


THE NEWEST ADDITION TO THE MYRIDIAN SKYLINE IS ALSO THE STRANGEST.
DURING DOOM'S AMERICAN SOJOURN, ENGINEERING TEAMS IN HIS (COVERT) PAY GREW A NEW GOVERNMENTAL CITADEL IN THE CENTER OF MYRIDIA, TO DOOM'S SPECIFICATIONS.
THEY GREW IT.
GREAT VATS OF NANOTECH ASSEMBLER ROBOTS. EACH DEVICE NO BIGGER THAN A VIRUS, CONVERTED GARBAGE INTO CARBON, AND CARBON INTO DIAMOND AND BLACK STEEL.
THEY CALL IT THE POINT.

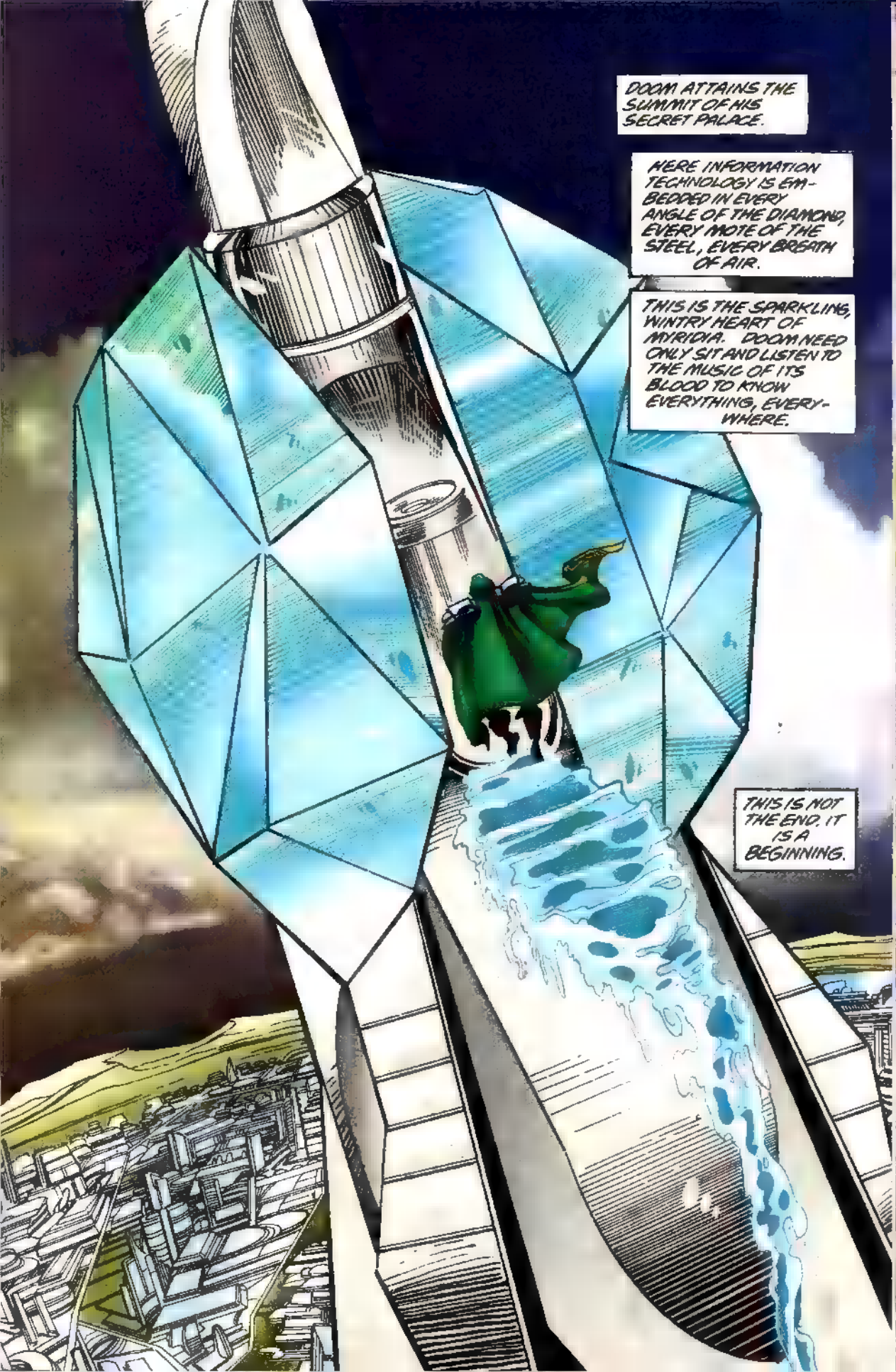
DOOM HAS A THEORY ABOUT NANOTECHNOLOGY.
ITS VERY EXISTENCE IS AN ANOMALY IN THIS WORLD -- OR ITS LACK OF EXPLOITATION IS AN ANOMALY.
A WORLD OF NANOTECH SHOULD BE A WORLD WITHOUT HUNGER, WITHOUT ILLNESS, WITHOUT WANT, AND PERHAPS EVEN WITHOUT GOVERNMENT.
NANOTECH IS THE HORN OF PLENTY, AND YET, IN 2099, ITS USE IS RESTRICTED TO THE OCCASIONAL CONSTRUCTION WORK OR COMPUTER AUGMENTATION.
WHEN A SMEAR OF NANOTECH COULD BUILD FOOD FROM DIRT, WHY DO PEOPLE STARVE IN THE SLUMS OF AMERICA?


SIMPLE. THE CORPORATE MENTALITY THAT GOVERNS MUCH OF THE EARTH WOULD STAND TO MAKE NO PROFIT FROM PARADISE.
THE PEOPLE HAVE NOT BEEN TOLD OF THE POTENTIAL OF NANOTECHNOLOGY.
WE COULD HAVE MADE THE STARS JEALOUS OF OUR MAGIC, THINKS DOOM. WE COULD HAVE SOARED THROUGH LIFE ON A SPARKLING WAVE OF TINY MIRACLES.
INSTEAD, WE ARE PRESSED INTO THE GUTTER BY MONEY AND FEAR.


DOOM SHALL, IN INCREMENTS, BRING PARADISE TO THIS EARTH.
HE FINDS THE CONCEPT CHARMINGLY DOUBLE-EDGED-- IT IS A GIFT TO HIS PROTECTORATE, THE PEOPLE, AND A SWORD IN THE GUTS OF HIS ENEMIES.
HE WILL BEGIN INTRODUCING NANOTECH INTO SMALL COUNTRIES, AT FIRST, THE AMERICANS WILL LIKELY HIDE THE NEWS OF THEIR TINY NEIGHBORS MAKING FOOD AND MEDICINE FROM WASTE AND SLURRY...
...BUT WHEN THEIR CITIES BECOME WIRED GARDENS, WHEN THEIR CORNUCOPIA HOMES DERIVE POWER FROM BUDS AND THEIR VEHICLES RUN ON AIR-- WHAT THEN?
THE MYRIAD GARDENS OF EDEN WILL BECOME WEAPONS POINTED AT THE AMERICAN WAY.

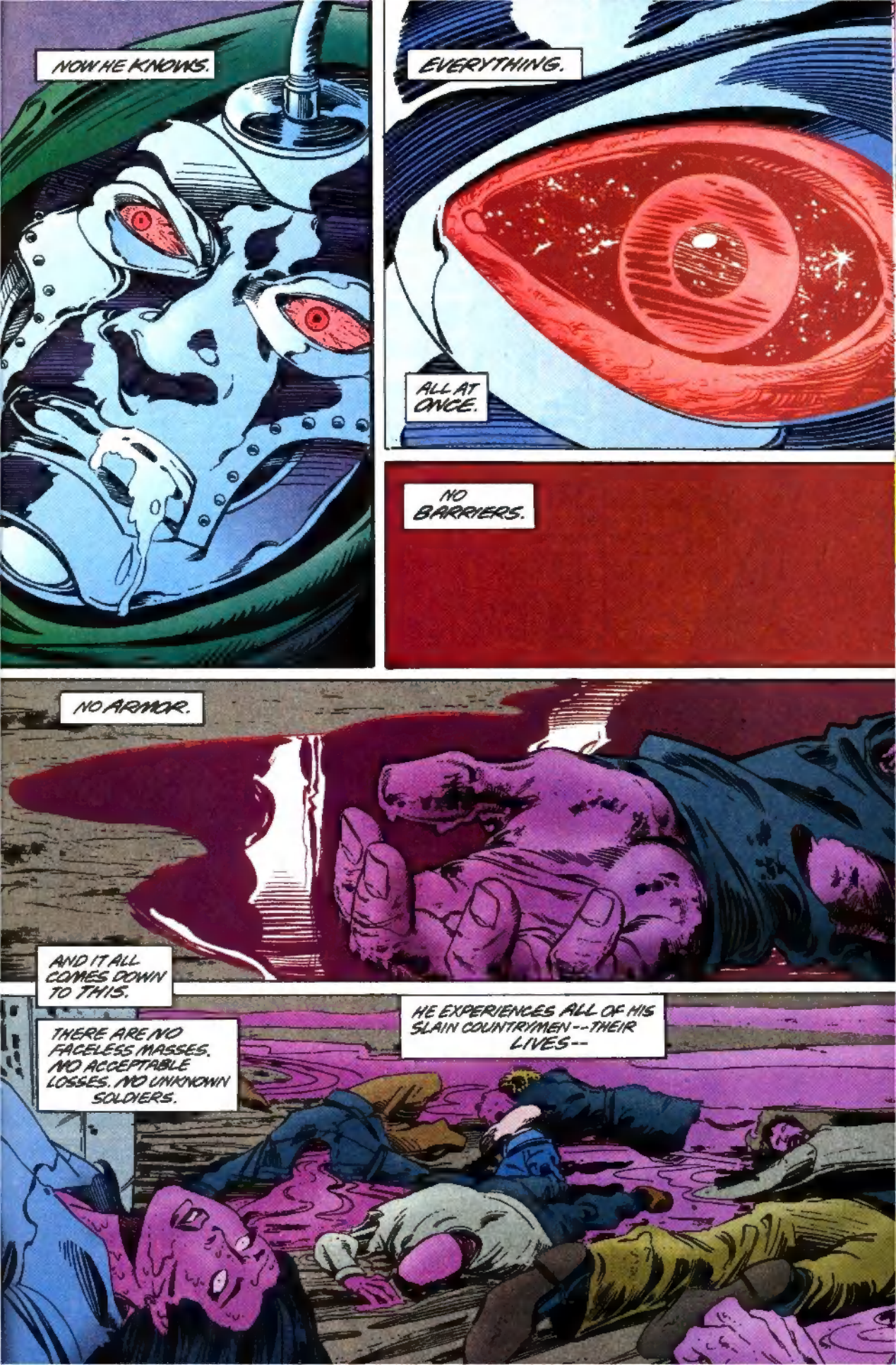
DOOM HAS ALWAYS THOUGHT LARGE THOUGHTS.
THIS ALONE IS ENOUGH TO DISTINGUISH HIM FROM HIS LATE 21ST CENTURY PEERS, AS WELL AS HIS LATE 20TH CENTURY OPPONENTS.
THE TINY EUROPEAN STATE OF LATVERIA, FROM WHICH HE SPRANG, MAY WELL HAVE BEEN RULED WITH DOOM'S IRON HAND WELL VISIBLE--
--BUT IT WAS ALSO RULED WITH DEEP LOVE, AND BOUNDLESS INGENUITY.
HE WAS THE GREATEST MIND OF THE 1900'S, AND IS THE SECRET GENIUS OF THE 2000'S. THE PLANET WILL NEVER SEE HIS LIKE AGAIN, AND WILL [redacted] POORER FOR IT.

PERHAPS HIS REVOLUTIONARY NATURE HAS BEEN TEMPERED IN THE FLAME OF REALITY, NOW.
HE WILL TAKE HIS EASE, BRIEFLY, IN THE NANO-TECHNOLOGICAL MAGIC OF HIS DIAMOND NEEDLE.
THIS IS THE QUIET IN THE EYE OF HIS OWN STORM.


DOOM ATTAINS THE SUMMIT OF HIS SECRET PALACE.
HERE INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY IS EMBEDDED IN EVERY ANGLE OF THE DIAMOND, EVERY MOTE OF THE STEEL, EVERY BREATH OF AIR.
THIS IS THE SPARKLING, WINTRY HEART OF MYRIDIA. DOOM NEED ONLY SIT AND LISTEN TO THE MUSIC OF ITS BLOOD TO KNOW EVERYTHING, EVERYWHERE.
THIS IS NOT THE END. IT IS A BEGINNING.

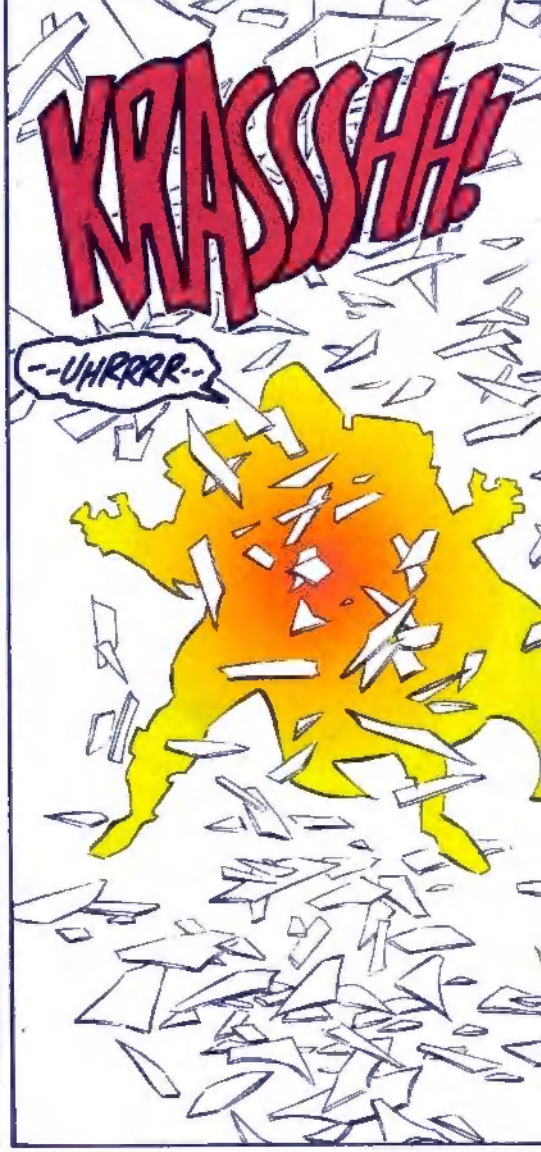
HE IS DOOM, AND HE WILL MAKE THIS WORLD ANEW.
THEY WILL HATE HIM FOR IT, HE KNOWS. FOR THEY HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY DOOM DOES WHAT HE DOES.
AND SO, THERE AT THE POINT, HE TURNS AND WHISPERS HIS EXPLANATION TO THE NEW MORNING.
"I LOVE YOU.
"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS?"
"A man who has not passed through the inferno of his passions has never overcome them."
-- CARL GUSTAV JUNG
"MEMORIES, DREAMS, REFLECTIONS"

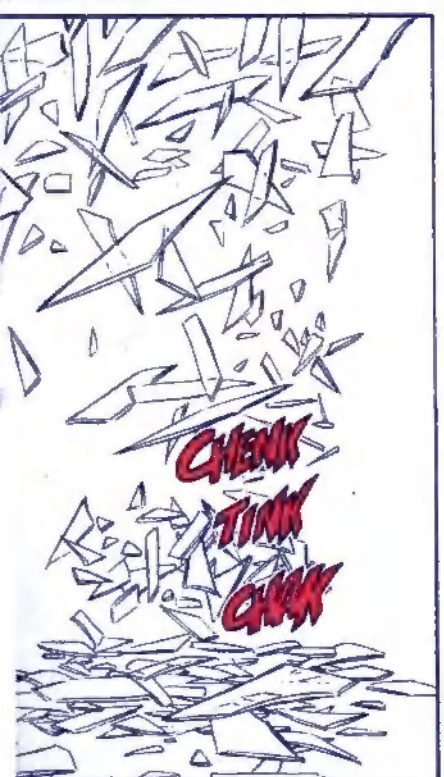
THE NIGHT BEFORE YESTERDAY
IT DIDN'T WORK.
HIS PLAN WAS TO LURK AT THE CENTER OF HIS DATAWEB WITH SPIDERY CALM, SNATCHING AT THIS CLUE AND THAT SECRET...
...SLOWLY AND DELIBERATELY ORDERING THE STRANDS INTO A SNARE THAT WOULD ENTRAP THE WORLD.
HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT A TASTE WOULDN'T SATISFY THE GREAT AND MAGNIFICENT DOOM.
HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HE'D GORGE HIMSELF.
NOW HE KNOWS.
TOM PEYER writer
JOHN BUSCEMA penciler
SCOTT KOBLISH inker
JOHN COSTANZA letterer
MEGAN McDONNELL colorist
JOEY CAVALIERI, editor • BOBBIE CHASE, chief
MALIBU-COMPUTER COLOR

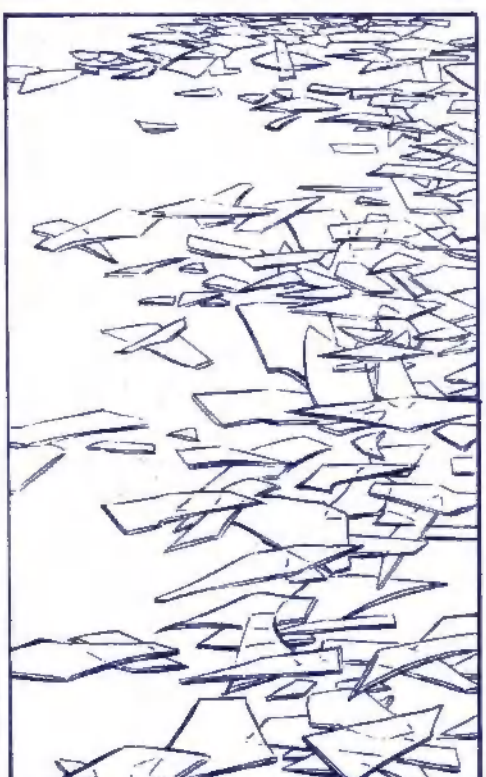

NOW HE KNOWS.
EVERYTHING.
ALL AT ONCE.
NO BARRIERS.
NO ARMOR.
AND IT ALL COMES DOWN TO THIS.
THERE ARE NO FACELESS MASSES. NO ACCEPTABLE LOSSES. NO UNKNOWN SOLDIERS.
HE EXPERIENCES ALL OF HIS SLAIN COUNTRYMEN--THEIR LIVES--

NO!
KSS
HHHH
YAHHRRRGH
--AND THEIR DEATHS.
THE MAN OF ACTION GRASPS THE HISTORY OF CONSEQUENCES..
...AND REJECTS IT.
HE DESPERATELY RANSACKS THE DATAWEB, SCRATCHING FOR ANY CLUE, ANY SECRET TO UNDOING THE DAMAGE, AND IN THE END...
...HE EMBRACES THE IMPOSSIBLE.
THE SKY! IT LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD!
AND MY STOMACH AGREES.
JEEZ! I SAID WE'D CLEAN IT UP, CEREBRA-- CEREBRA?!
AHHHRR!
HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?!
I...
...I DON'T KNOW!

KSSSHH
YARRGH


KRASSSHH!
--UHRRRR--


CHENK
TINK
CHUK



NEXT:

RAGE
AGAINST
TIME